

This second volume of The Stormtrooper Magazine deals with the full-blown phase of the American Nazi Party even as it hovered and teetered on the brink of breaking through to become a national force.

Looking for a doorstep upon which to lay culpability is not the most positive occupation. But it would have to be the stranglehold over the media by the Jewish enemy and the resultant less-than-appropriate responses by the White majority - then and now - that prevented this nation from redeeming itself while it still had the chance. And yet, as I have said elsewhere, had they indeed redeemed themselves, would that not then have invalidated the outcome as set forth in Revelation?

The notable degree of regularity achieved during the first volume was lost for good. However, size, color and level of action increased dramatically. So then, each issue packed a bigger punch, reached a wider audience and remained current longer than before.

Alongside some of the conditions cited in the notes on the first volume not necessarily brought out in the text of the magazines themselves is the constantly passing parade of staffers. The true history of the ANP is one of turmoil and of emergency so constant and steady as to be considered the normal state of affairs. Cliques, personality clashes, mutinies and agents provocateur. One biographer claimed that Rockwell spent half his time dealing with the likes of this.

As we enter 1965 and later, the really golden phase of ANP action, the size of these booklets became really impressive. I believe it was the "Arm Yourself" issue of 1966 that reached one hundred pages. The magazine was brought to its height with John Patler as its editor. Patler had been Rockwell's very first activist recruit in 1958. On August 25<sup>th</sup>, 1967, he would become the assassin of George Lincoln Rockwell.

The magazine held out for another year, until changes in ideological thrust by the new guard phased it out. But, if you'll note in the "Letters To the Editor" section of that very final issue, there is one from a fifteen-year-old Youth Movement member... "J.M." of Chillicothe, Ohio.

Guess who.

